

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Little*

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's**
New Discovery
FOR COUGHS
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

The Cough Syrup that
rides the system of a cold
by acting as a cathartic on the
bowels is

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Bees is the original laxative cough syrup.
contains no opiates, gently moves the
bowels, carrying the cold off through the
natural channels. Guaranteed to give
satisfaction or money refunded.

PALACE DRUG STORE

Reduced Summer
Tourist Fares to

NORTHERN & EASTERN RESORTS

Throughout the Sum-
mer you can purchase of

Rock Island

agents round trip tour-
ist tickets to the North-
ern Lakes and Eastern
Resorts at very low
rates of fare.

An attractive booklet which
will help you in selecting a
place for your summer vaca-
tion can be secured by address-
ing the local agent, or

J. A. STEWART, A. G. P. A.,
Kansas City.

Rock Island
H. T. CATLIN
Agent
Dodge City

Dodge City Steam

...Laundry...

Phone III



The Bewitching Summer Girl

needn't worry about her ruffled skirts,
dainty waists and other wearables.

Ladies' Laundering
Is Done Here

so perfectly that the garments are simply
exquisite in their snowy whiteness.
Send your's without fear. We guaran-
tee not to injure the daintiest garment
you have.

Balderston & Theis
PROPRIETORS

FOR WALL STREET SUCCESS. PUTS BABIES ON DEFENSIVE

Just a Few of the Qualifications Nec-
essary if One is to "Beat
the Game."

The clergyman who says that he can
take "a \$100 bill, a pencil and a pad"
and make a fortune in Wall street
recommends the process only to those
who possess one important qualifica-
tion. They must know the game. Given
that, the rest is easy. To know the
game thoroughly it is necessary to be
in the confidence of the board when
ten per cent. dividends are to be de-
clared; to learn ahead of the crowd
what stock is next to be marked up on
the strength of rumors of dividend
guarantees; what bankrupt road is to
be sold to a system; what manipula-
tion the bull pool is about to under-
take, and to have other advance infor-
mation equally helpful. It is given to
few to possess this knowledge, no
doubt by a wise provision of nature
which permits the many to be sacri-
ficed that the most fit may survive. If
it were possible for any one with a
\$100 bill to become a Wall street mil-
lionaire the aggregation of swollen for-
tunes would menace the republic.
Doubtless in the case of the clergyman
in question the gain to the ministry
involved the loss of a magistrate to the
financial world. But for the ordinary
run of speculators there is no place
where a little learning is so dangerous
a thing as in Wall street.

MULES NOT HARD TO HANDLE.

Whole Secret Is in Knowing How to
Do It, According to Army
Officer.

Horse and mule men at the stock
yards stood in admiration the other
afternoon while the soldiers of Battery
A and B, Second United States artil-
lery, loaded 13 cars of mules in 25 min-
utes. It was a new record on the load-
ing docks, and it wasn't accomplished
by any unusual methods either. Nor
was the mule driver's vocabulary re-
sorted to. How did they do it? The
lieutenant simply called the roll and
the mules responded to their names.
"Nigger," called an officer, and a lit-
tle black gun mule ambled up.
"Now, Mollie, you're next; now Cy-
clone," and Cyclone came like a cy-
clone.
If a mule was refractory a few men
in khaki took hold of him and pushed
and shoved him into place.
"No wonder," said an envious mule
driver, "they know their mules; they
couldn't do them all that way."
"That so?" said a non-commissioned
officer. "I guess you could. It's all in
knowing how. You never want to
flinch around a mule. Never look back
when you leave him. After you know
how, mules are easier to handle than
horses."—Kansas City Times.

How the Baby Bird Flew.

J. M. Barrie has a little fable in
one of his works about a baby lark
asking its mother to teach it to fly. The
mother thought hard about how
she herself had learned to fly long
ago last year, but all she could recall
was that you suddenly do it.
"Wait till the sun comes out after
the rain," she said, half remember-
ing. The rain came and glued the
bird's wings together.
"I shall never be able to fly nor to
sing," it wailed. Then of a sudden it
had to blink its eyes for a glorious
flight had spread over the world. The
baby bird's breast swelled, it did not
know why, and it fluttered from the
ground, it did not know how. "The
sun has come out after the rain," it
trilled. "Thank you, sun, thank you,"
and it floated up crying: "Thank you."

An Optical Illusion.

Did you ever try to see through
your hand? By following these di-
rections you may at least make yourself
believe you are looking right through
the palm. Out of a piece of paste-
board about five inches square roll a
tube. Have one end just large enough
to fit around the eye, and the other a
little smaller. Take the tube between
the thumb and fingers of the right
hand; put the larger end to your eye,
and press your left hand against the
smaller end. Keep both eyes open.
Objects beyond the left hand will be
plainly visible, and there will appear
to be a hole through the center of the
palm. It is the uncovered left eye
which is actually doing all the seeing,
but so far as appearances go, it will
seem as if the right eye were seeing
right straight through the left hand.

Well Answered.

During the encampment of several
regiments of British soldiers in a cer-
tain district the wood and turf used
for cooking purposes were carted by
the neighboring farmers. One day a
donkey-cart full of turf was brought in,
the driver being a country lad. As a
regimental band was playing, he stood
in front of the donkey and held the
animal tightly by the head. Some of
the "smart ones" gathered round, high-
ly pleased, and the wit of the party
asked why he "held his brother so
tightly." The reply was crushing:
"I'm afraid he might enlist."

Well-Stocked.

Last summer a typical down-easter
furnished a New York author, who
had a cottage in a Maine village, with
farm produce.

One day when the man called with
a wagon-load of vegetables, the au-
thor, wishing to make himself agree-
able, asked how much stock he kept
on his farm.

"Five cows and a bull," enumerated
the farmer, "and two yokes of oxen,
a calf, a horse, and three shares of
Maine Central."—Youth's Compan-
ion.

Writer Calls on Them to Give Rea-
sons for Their Admission to
the Country.

We desire to call attention to a
flagrant violation of one of our most
important statutes.

Under our immigration laws, no
alien can land in this country who
has no money and no capacity. If he
comes from a foreign store, he must
be identified and duly passed upon.

What is really happening? Every
day, nay, almost every minute, in this
country babies are being born who
really have no right to enter our do-
main. Not only this, but they are
calmly allowed to be here and not the
slightest protest is made against
them.

It is true that recently some effort
has been made to discourage their
presence. But this is by private indi-
viduals, and not by the authorities.

Every baby comes here from a for-
eign shore. He is a vagrant. Why,
he hasn't even clothes on his back.
In a large percentage of cases he is
sickly, and ought to be kept out by
quarantine authorities, if by no one
else.

These intruders ought to be guar-
anteed under the pure infant act, or
else they should be promptly shipped
back to the sender, with instructions
to at least provide them with the ne-
cessities of life before they land
among a free people.—Lippincott's.

GOOD JOKE ON THE OFFICERS.

Long and Stern Chase of College Stu-
dents That Ended in Something
of a Fiasco.

Once, in a college town, the rumor
that students were carrying concealed
weapons reached the ears of the local
police. Their chief at once issued string-
ent orders that the heinous practice
should be stopped.

In this particular college town the
students were no different from stu-
dents the world over; in other words,
they dearly loved to bother the police
to the best of their ability. So one day
a group of them nonchalantly passed a
policeman, and one of the students, in
so doing, put his hand to his hip pocket.
Then, as if recollecting himself in time,
he hastily withdrew it and looked
sheepishly at the policeman.

"What have you in that pocket?" the
latter asked sternly.

Instead of answering, the student
and all his companions, as if panic-
stricken, started to run. Immediately
the policeman blew his whistle, sum-
moned several of his companions, and
started after the group. After a con-
siderable chase in the course of which
the policemen were badly winded and
roused to a great pitch of anger, all
the students were cornered, and sum-
marily ordered to deliver up what-
ever they had in their hip pockets.

Meekly they obeyed. Each one car-
ried a corn-cob. The remarks of
the policemen cannot possibly be re-
corded.

The American Voice.

I think myself that what, as much
as anything else, laid the foundation
of the American voice was the nerv-
ous ill-health, lasting over three or
four generations, of the American
woman. Up to the middle of the nine-
teenth century, and even beyond, for-
eigners were surprised when they
came across a healthy looking wom-
an. The isolation of frontier life, the
general tension of the American cli-
mate, malaria, bad diet and worse
sanitation, combined to turn one-half
the nation into semi-invalids; and the
thin, sharp, slovenly, staccato tones
of the American women were as of-
ten as not the result of physical and
nervous depression. I do not say that
ill-health was the sole cause, but it is
undoubtedly the fact that as the
health of Americans has improved so
have their voices.—London Chronicle.

The Erudite Barber.

"I don't see," said the erudite bar-
ber as he stropped his razor, "why our
customers complain that men of our
profession are exceedingly loquacious.
All who enter the modern barber's
place of business should know what
to expect. Every barber shop is a
'salaried parlor' nowadays. The word
'parlor' literally means 'talking room,'
just as 'parliament' means an assem-
bly of talkers. Parlor and parliament
have the same root as the French
'parlez,' which means to talk, and then
there is the English 'parley,' to ex-
change words. Moreover—"

"Moreover," gasped the victim in
the chair, "I am in a very parlous
position."

The Crimean Crime.

Kinglake was all for war. "He used
to say," says Mme. Novikoff, "that
peace would emasculate the world."
Besides," he continued, "population
when too dense is not at its best." He
did not like Bright. Mme. Novikoff
told Kinglake one day that Bright had
made a curious remark about the
Crimean statue in Pall-Mall. "The in-
scription," he had said, "should be
altered. The 'a' should be put before
the word 'crime,' and not at the end!"
—London Chronicle.

Why Church Bells Any More?

Every once in a while a discussion
arises as to the use of church bells.
Their utility was long ago given up.
Their beauty is still defended by some.
But in the end the discussion comes
back to the question of location. In
the country, where distances are long
and sounds are softened, a church bell
is still enjoyable. But in a city street,
where hundreds and thousands are
close by, the sound is to most of them
a noisy clangor.

ABOVE ALL ON EARTH IS MAN

Supreme Because of Gift of Half
Ounce of Phosphorus in
His Brain.

Man has no wings, and yet he can
soar above the clouds; he is not swift
of foot and yet he can outspeed the
fleetest hound or horse; he has but
feeble weapons in his organization,
and yet he can slay or master all the
great beasts; his eye is not so sharp
as that of the eagle or the vulture,
and yet he can see into the farthest
depths of sidereal space; he has only
very feeble occult powers of commu-
nication with his fellows, and yet he
can talk around the world and send
his voice across mountains and des-
erts; his hands are weak things be-
side a lion's paw or an elephant's
trunk, and yet he can move moun-
tains and stay rivers and set bounds
to the wildest seas. His dog can out-
smell him and outrun him, and yet
his dog looks up to him as to a god.
He has erring reason in place of un-
erring instinct, and yet he has changed
the face of the planet.

Without the specialization of the
lower animals—their wonderful adap-
tation to particular ends—their tools,
their weapons, their strength, their
speed, man yet makes them all his
servants. His brain is more than a
match for all the special advantages
nature has given them. The one gift
of reason makes him supreme in the
world.—John Burroughs, in Atlantic.

GATHERING IN THE SHEKELS.

All Were Fish That Came to Scot-
man, Winner in Golf Tourna-
ment.

Scotsmen are noted for their canni-
ness, and a story told by a Lancashire
commercial traveler, who was up in
Aberdeen a few days ago, shows that
the men beyond the Tweed are still
worthily upholding their reputation.
The traveler in question was asked by
a prospective buyer to subscribe to the
prize fund for the local golf tourna-
ment. He parted with five shillings,
and as he was interested in golf he
remarked that he would like to be
kept informed of the progress of the
tournament so that he could look out
for the result.

"O," said the customer, as he picked
up the five shillings and placed it se-
curely in his pocket, "ye needna dae
that. The tournament was held last
Saturday." This was rather a stag-
gerer for the latest contributor to the
prize fund, but he retained curiosity
enough to inquire who had proved the
happy winner. The gullest solicitor
for subscriptions was quite undaunted,
however. "The winner?" he said, coy-
ly, "O, just mesel."—Rehoboth Sun-
day Herald.

The Tooth Came Back.

She was going to the poultry yard
to give the chicks their supper. She
was a disciple of deep breathing and
never lost an opportunity to inhale
and exhale vigorously when she was
out in the fresh air. On this occa-
sion one of her porcelain teeth flew
from its bridge and a long search
failed to bring it to light. She lived
far from a dentist and was in de-
spair, but on the very day on which
she had decided to go to the city to
have her tooth replaced she prepared
a fat hen for dinner to have in readi-
ness when she should return, hungry
and with her full complement of teeth.
When she opened the coop her sur-
prise and delight were unbounded—
for there was her white porcelain
tooth with its two tiny pivots unin-
jured and its porcelain none the worse
for its sojourn in the interior regions
of a chicken. She tells it only to a
few intimate friends, for every one
does not know that her gleaming
white teeth are partly porcelain.

Don't Know When to Stop.

No person will deny that every man
ought to have a work to do, something
to which he can devote his best en-
ergies and abilities. In this country,
however, we do not seem to have
reached that point where we know
when to stop. The mistaken notion
seems to prevail that the man who ac-
complishes his aims must die in the
harness; that, like the captain, he
must stick to the ship till the last.

And when this spirit is applied to
the mere amassing of millions, the
purpose, too, becomes sordid and un-
natural. It were far better for such
persons as have gained a competence,
and a great deal more, to retire from
the commercial battlefield and give
over their remaining years to rational
enjoyment of life—to going about and
doing good for others, if you please.

Caught a Baby Whale.

The smallest specimen of a baby
whale ever caught by a British traw-
ler was landed at Grimsby the other
day by the King James. It was
brought up in the trawl net in the
North sea, and was so small—13
inches long and three pounds three
ounces in weight—that the fishermen
could not realize that it was a whale
until an expert certified the fact.

The local officer for the board of
fisheries secured this specimen,
which could not have been calved
more than three or four days, and im-
mediately dispatched it to the labora-
tories of the fisheries department in
London.—London Standard.

A Necessity.

He had just been accepted.
"And do you really think you can
be happier with me than with anybody
else in the world?" he asked.
"No," replied the girl, "but if these
500-button gowns are to be fashionable
I must get a husband quick and get
him in practice."

Perfection ^{Per Pint} 15c
^{Per Quart} 25c
ICE CREAM

AT

STURGEON'S

IF YOU WANT FRESH CAKES AND PIES
FOR DINNER, PHONE NO. 66.

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FIFTY YEARS

An Undertaker and Embalmer
With Home Furnishing Co.

We Keep a night
man at the store to
answer.

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..PIANOS..

Knabe, Bush & Gerts, Kimball, Iver & Pond,
Price & Teeple, Smith & Barnes, and many other
Pianos carried in stock. We will guarantee to sell
you a Good Piano for less than any out of town
dealer. We have a few special bargains in used
Pianos. Come in and see.

P. H. YOUNG MUSIC HOUSE

DRUGS

We once saw a liniment advertised that was won-
derful. The advertiser said, illustrating its power,
that a man came along one day with a pen knife
and cut his little dog's tail off. He said he applied
a little of the liniment to the dog's tail and it grew
out perfectly again to the utmost tip. Then, he
said, he scraped around in the dust and found the
piece that was severed and applied the liniment to
it, and out grew another dog.

Now what do you think of that?

We do not have any such liniment as this, but our

Rexall Rubbing Oil

is the best liniment sold. The entire Rexall line is
guaranteed, and a remedy for every ailment. We
know what is in each one and will tell you.
Ask for booklet "Blue Line to Health."

Rath & Bainbridge

City Drug Store